



YOU CAN'T PLAY IN OUR YARD ANYMORE.

WORDS BY PHILIP WINGATE. MUSIC BY H.W. PETRIE.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
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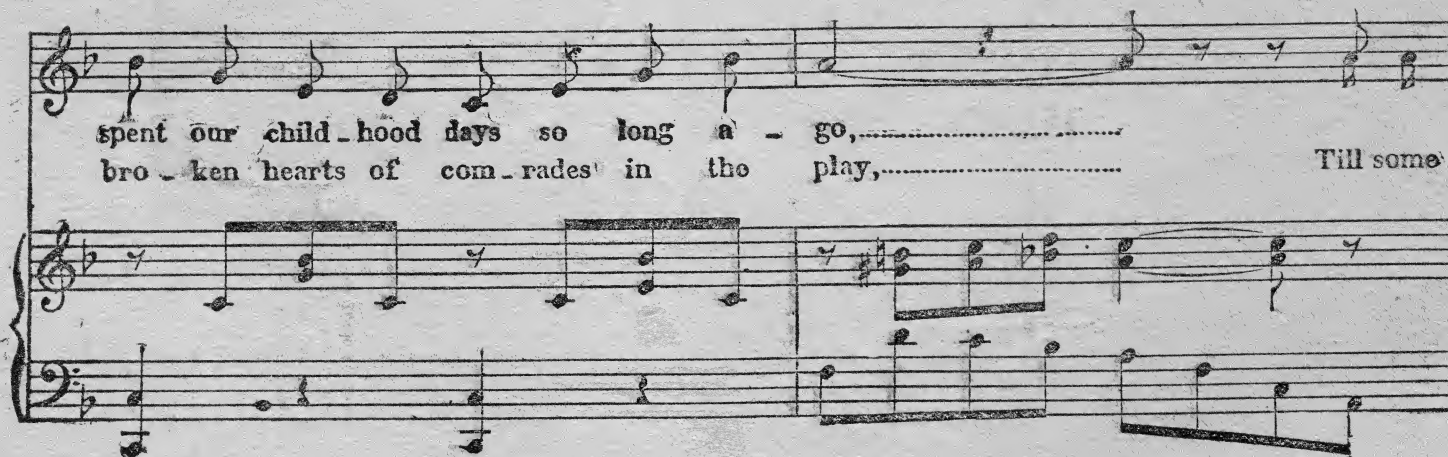
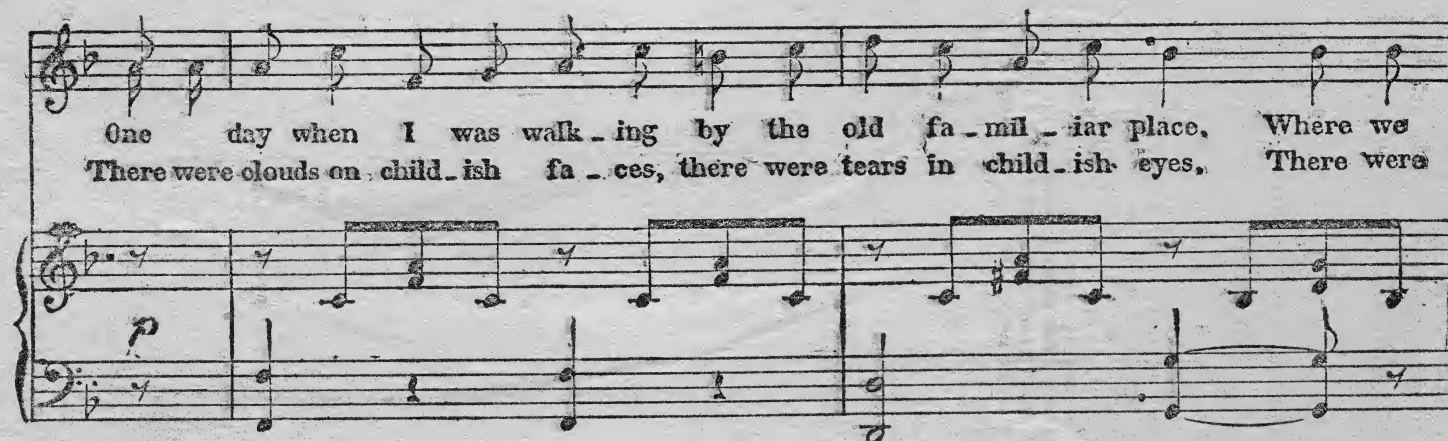
"YOU CANT PLAY IN OUR
YARD ANY MORE."

Words by
Phillip Wingate

SONG

—with Refrain—

Music by
H.W. PETRIE



saw the chil - dren laugh - ing at their sports and games so free, Just the
gent - le sweet peace - ma - ker with a lov - ing kiss or two, Came and

same old fool - ish games we used to know..... Some at keep - ing store were playing, counting
drove the ba - by troubles all a - way..... In this life we are but children with our

ev - ry pin a cent, Some were bak - ing lit - tle pies of mud,..... And their
jealous - ies and strife, With our an - gry tears and lips that pout,..... And we

child - ish voi - ces call - ing in their quar - rels as of old Sent a
gath - er up our dish - es and our lit - tle dol - lies clothes, And go

lin - gle of re - mem - brance thro' my blood.
 run - ning home to moth - er with a shout.

Refrain. (tearfully.)

You can't play in our yard a - ny more.

You can't play in our yard a - ny more, ——— It's all right for you. I

know what I'll do, You can't play in our yard a - ny more.